

No. 14
SPRING
ISSUE

Ten Cents



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Leading COMICS

IN THIS
ISSUE!

"BANDITS
From The
BOOK"



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WHEN YOU'RE
SHOPPING FOR THE
BEST IN COMICS,
YOU DON'T HAVE
FAR TO LOOK!
IT'S RIGHT UNDER
YOUR NOSE, ON
EVERY NEWSSTAND
—THE SUPERMAN
DC SYMBOL... YOUR
GUARANTEE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE
AND HUMOR!

Chapter I

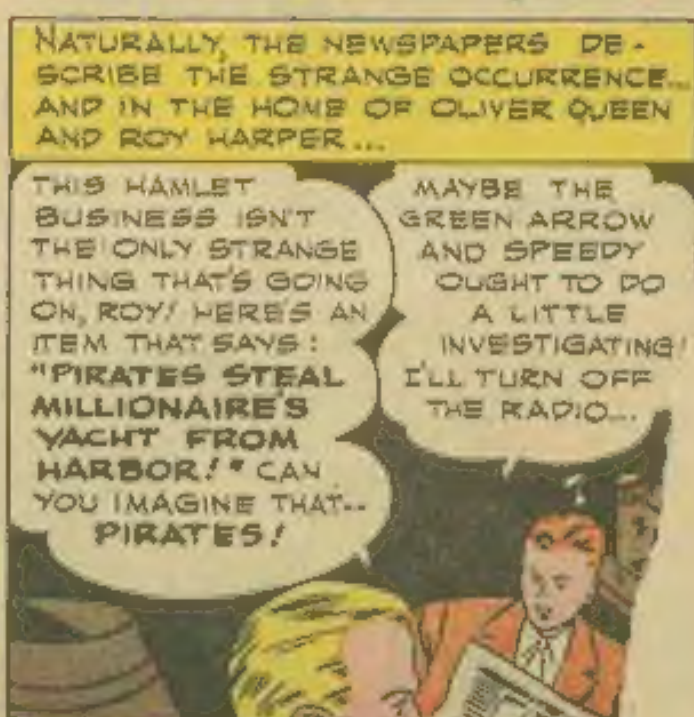
IN THE VAST WORLD OF BOOKS DWELL PEOPLE AS REAL TO YOU AS YOUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS! IN YOUR IMAGINATION, AS YOUR EYES MARCH DOWN THE ORDERLY ROWS OF TYPE, YOU FIGHT, LAUGH, WEEP, LOSE AND WIN WITH YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS! BUT ALL ALONG YOU KNOW THAT THE CHARACTERS ARE NOT REALLY FLESH AND BLOOD! BUT SUPPOSE THEY BECAME JUST THAT--FLESH AND BLOOD! REAL PEOPLE! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? ONE THING IS CERTAIN--SINCE THERE'LL BE VILLAINS AS WELL AS HEROES AMONG THEM, IT WOULD NEED THE SOLDIERS OF VICTORY TO CONQUER AND QUELL...

The Bandits FROM The Books

AT A REHEARSAL FOR A SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL, THE LEADING CHARACTER DECLAMS A FAMOUS SOLILOQUY...

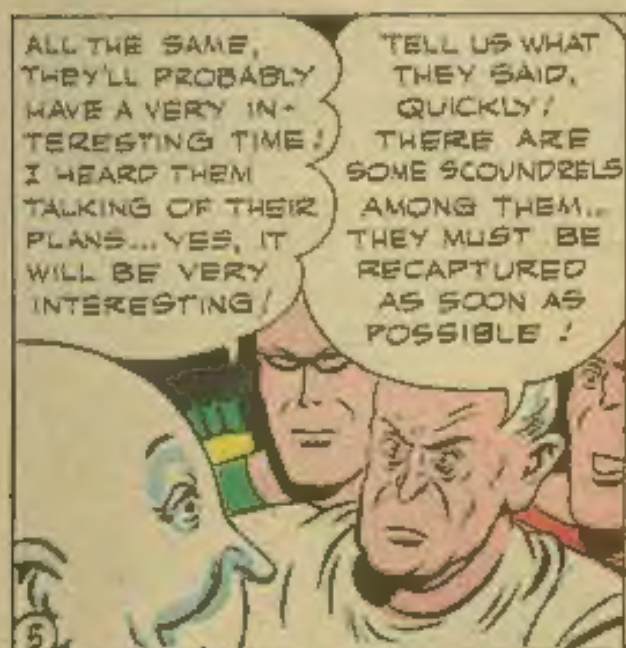
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION!"

EXCELLENT, SIR MALTYBY POPLAR.
EXCELLENT! SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT BETTER!









Starring the **STAR-SPANGLED KID and STRIPESY**

Chap. 2

WELCOME, LADS...
I'VE GOT YOUR
SHARE RIGHT
HERE!

NEVER WAS THERE A
SHREWER, DEADUER, MORE
TREACHEROUS BUCCANEER
THAN LONG JOHN SILVER!

THE PARTNERS IN PERIL
HAVE MUCH TO TEACH HIM ABOUT
MODERN WAYS... BUT THE OLD
ROGUE WHO ONCE ROAMED
THE SPANISH MAIN HAS A
FEW TRICKS OF HIS OWN TO
PLAY ON...

**"TREASURELESS
ISLAND!"**



AN IMPRESSIVE PAUSE... THEN
HUMPTY DUMPTY SPEAKS!

I HEARD LONG
JOHN SILVER AND
HIS MEN PLANNING
TO STEAL A SHIP
AND SEARCH FOR
PIRATE TREASURE
ON AN ISLAND!

STEAL
A
SHIP?

KID, HE MUST BE THE
ONE WHO HIJACKED
THAT YACHT!

YES BUT HOW
DID WE COME
TO HAVE HIS
MEN HERE?

ER, I'M
AFRAID THAT'S
MY FAULT! AS
YOU HAVE SEEN,
MY METHOD
DOESN'T WORK
PERFECTLY...





I WANTED TO BRING LONG JOHN SILVER TO LIFE ALONE... BUT I BROUGHT THE MEN TOO, BY ACCIDENT!

WELL, NEVER MIND THAT NOW... WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE HE COMMITS ANY MORE CRIMES!

BUT HOW, KID? HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE THIS ISLAND IS?

THE LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE ARE ON A PIECE OF PAPER THAT LONG JOHN DROPPED! I'M SITTING ON IT... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE ME IF YOU WANT IT... I HAVEN'T GOT THE ENERGY TO DO SO MYSELF!



SHORTLY, IN THE STAR ROCKET RACER...

HERE'S THE PLACE, KID... THE YACHT BEAT US TO IT!

LAND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND, STRIPESY! WE'LL BE ABLE TO WORK BETTER IF WE CATCH THEM BY SURPRISE!



AS THE PARTNERS IN PERIL MAKE A QUIET LANDING...

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THESE REDSKIN LANDLUBBERS, LONG JOHN? THEY CAME ALONG UNINVITED!

DO WITH THEM? WHY, YE SWABS, WE'LL WELCOME THEM, AND MAKE THEM AT HOME!



IS IT THEIR FAULT THIS DR. WIMSETT BROUGHT THEM ALIVE OUT OF A BOOK BY FENNIMORE COOPER? NO, I SAY... AND WHO IS IT DARES CALL ME WRONG?

I AMN'T SAYIN' YE'RE WRONG, JOHN... BUT YE ARE UNCOMMON KIND-HEARTED!

NOT KIND-HEARTED, FRANKIE... JUST

PRACTISIN' FORE-THOUGHT! THESE REDSKINS CAN FOLLOW A TRAIL IN A WAY TO AMAZE YE... THEY'LL HELP US LOCATE THE TREASURE!

PIECES OF EIGHT! PIECES OF EIGHT!

AFTERWARDS, OF COURSE, IF WE KILL THEM TO KEEP THEM FROM TALKIN', YE WOULDN'T THINK ME UN-GRATEFUL, WOULD YE, ME HEARTY?

HA, HA! YOU'RE A CLEVER ONE, JOHN... AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTIN' SOFT!

YE LIE IN YER TEETH, YE SWAB!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN...
WE AIN'T ALONE ON
THIS ISLAND! THERE'S
A PAIR OF MAROONS
DRESSED KIND OF
QUEER-LIKE!

MAROONS?
THEY MAY BE
ARMED!
PASS OUT
THE MUSKETS,
LADS!

'TIS LUCKY WE
FOUND THEM ON
THE SHIP! THEY
HAVEN'T THE PROPER
BALANCE MUSKETS
SHOULD HAVE...
BUT THEY'LL DO
TO KILL A
MAN!

HOLD YOUR
FIRE, THOUGH, LADS:
BEIN' MAROONS,
THEY MAY HAVE
FOUND THE
TREASURE... WE'LL
MAKE 'EM TELL
US!

THERE THEY
ARE, KID...
TOUGH-
LOOKIN'
CUSTOMERS!

HELLO, LONG
JOHN, WE'VE
LOOKED
FORWARD TO
MEETING
YOU!

WHAT'S THAT?
IF YE KNOW
MY NAME,
YE MUST
BE A
PIRATE
YOURSELF!
MAYBE YE
SAILED WITH
CAPTAIN KIDD...
OR BLACK-
BEARD!

YA GOT
US WRONG,
CHUM! WE'RE
HERE TO TAKE
YA BACK TO
DR. WIMSETT'S
PLACE!

BACK
TO
DR.
WIMSETT'S
PLACE?
SHADES
OF BILLY
BONES...
THEY'RE STARK
MAD IF THEY
THINK THEY
CAN DO
THAT!

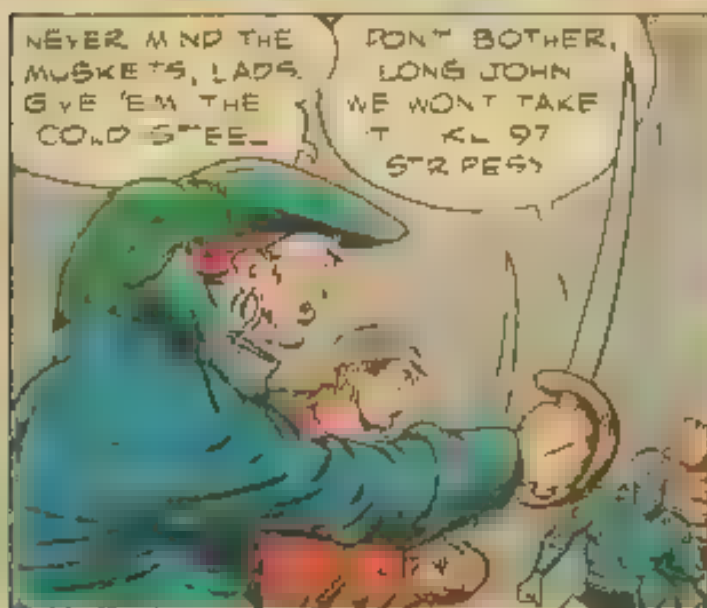
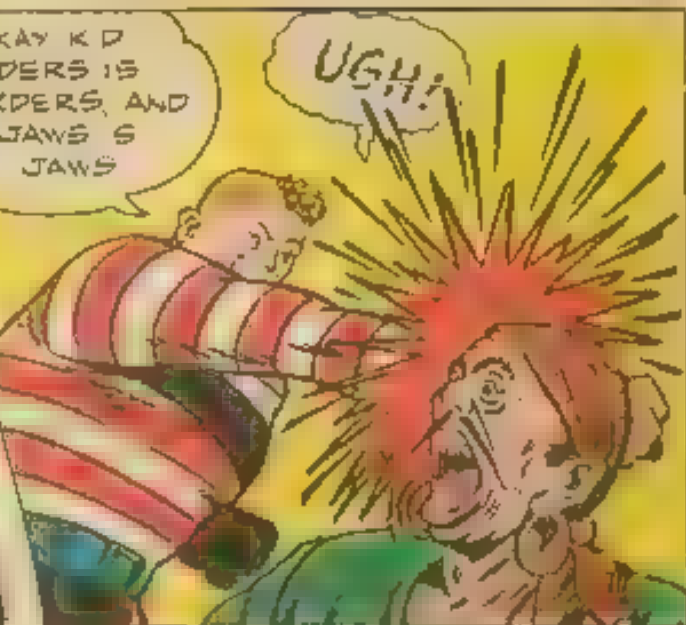
THEY
CERTAINLY
ARE, STRIPESY...
WE'D BETTER
WATCH OUR
STEP!

CUT THEM DOWN,
BOYS, CUT THEM
DOWN! AN ISLAND'S
NO PLACE FOR
MADMEN!

FENNIMORE COOPER
MAKES US PEACE-
FUL RED MEN!
THIS IS NO
PLACE FOR US!

THESE MUSKETS
ARE NO GOOD,
JOHN... THEY GO
OFF AT A TOUCH,
BEFORE WE
CAN AIM
RIGHT!

LUCKY FOR US
THEY'RE NOT
USED TO MODERN
RIFLES! COME
ON, STRIPESY!



BUT HE SURE PULLED
A BOYER ABOUT THEM
RIFLES I REALIZE NOW,
AND THAT THEY THOUGHT
THEY COULD FIRE ONLY
ONE SHOT AT A TIME.

SHREWDLY DONE
CAPTAIN WITH THE
BIG ONE OUT OF
THE WAY--WE'LL
MAKE SHORT WORK
OF THE ONE

BUT YE'VE LEARNED
YER LESSON NOW.
YELL TELL ME WHERE
THE TREASURE IS,
OR WALK THE
PLANK

HE STILL
THINKS
OF THAT
RIFLE AS
AN OLD-
FASHIONED
MUSKET HE
DOESN'T REALIZE
-- CAN FIRE
AGAIN WITHOUT
BEING RELOADED

I'LL TELL
YOU PLENTY,
LONG JOHN
JUST LET ME
STAND UP

I'LL JUST SLIP
MY FINGER
TOWARD THE
TRIGGER

HEY, LOOK
OUT!

AAA!

SO YE THOUGHT YE COULD GET
THE BETTER OF LONG
JOHN'S HERBY YE
SWABS? YE JUST HAVE
BEEN MARCONED TOO
LONG FOR YER OWN GOOD

BANG!

A MUSKET SHOT
CLOSE BY! THERE
MUST BE OTHER
MAROONS
HERE.
CAPTAIN



WELL WOK DISTRACTIN' THEIR ATTENTION, KD THIS TIME I AMT GONNA LET 'EM PULL NO FAST ONES.



AS THE STARTLED PRATES ARE OVERWHELMED

OKAY KD HE'S HARMLESS NOW. WHAT NEXT?

I SEARCH HIM STRIPESY WAYSE HE HAS A MAP ON HIM TO INDICATE WHERE THE TREASURE IS TO LIKE TO SEE IT

SEARCH REVEALS NOT A MAP BUT A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!

SCIENTISTS DECLARE THAT THE ISLAND CONTAINS A TREASURE WELL PROTECTED IN A HEATH OF BY-PRODUCT CO NE, BROVINE

I FOUND THE PAPER IN WGETT'S LIBRARY BUT I COULD NOT DECIPHER THE HIDDEN MEANING OF THE WRITING LAD IF YOU CAN WELL SHARE THE TREASURE TOGETHER

GOSH, KD HE THINKS THAT SCIENTIFIC STUFF IS SOME KIND OF CIPHER HE DONT REALIZE THERES NO GOLD ON THE PLACE

NO GOLD THEN IVE BEEN SOLD ALL THIS TROUBLE FOR NOTHING AH, IM AN OLD MAN LADS. A WICKED OLD MAN.

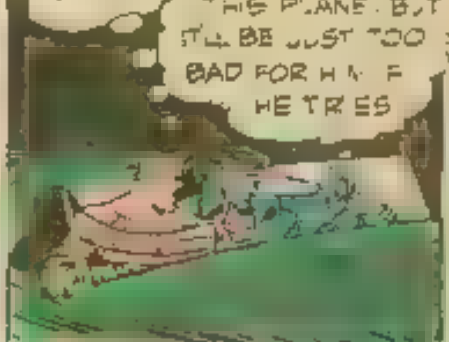


BUT THERES NO MALICE IN ME ILL ORDER THESE SHABS TO TAKE THE SHIP BACK THEY FEAR ME TOO MUCH TO DISOBEY BUT DONT TURN ME OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES LAD THEYD HANG POOR JOHN SILVER

DONT WORRY, CHUM YOU'RE NOT BEING HANGED YET YOU'RE COMING WITH US

AND SO, SOON... I CAN READ THE BLAST ME. BUT THIS IS OLD SCOUNDRELS MIND ATRN SHIP, AS F HE I COULD WERE STILL DISPOSE OF IN A BOOK THESE SHABS HE HOPES HMM LET ME TO STEAL SEE THIS PLANE. BUT ITLL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR HIM F HE TRES

HAS LONG JOHN SILVER SHOT HIS LAST BOLT OR DOES HE GET A STAND ACHANCE OF OUTWITTING THE STAR-SPANGLED KP AND STRIPESY? FOR THE ANSWER READ ON!





CHAP. 3

STARRING THE
GREEN ARROW
AND **SPEEDY**

WHEN A ROARING, ROLICKING ROGUE WITH A MIGHTY BIG APPETITE SETS OUT TO GOBBLE DOWN DELICACIES THAT THE WORLD HAS COOKED UP SINCE HIS DAY, THERE'S A REAL THREAT OF CITY-WIDE FAMINE. BUT THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY, EVER HUNGRY FOR EXCITEMENT, ADD A LITTLE UNEXPECTED SPICE TO THE SAUCY VILLAINS.

FOOD FOR FALSTAFF!



THE RACING ARROWCAR LEAPS FORWARD ON THE TRAIL OF A ROGUE UNMATCHED IN LIFE OR LITERATURE...

THE MINUTE HUMPTY DUMPTY BAD FALSTAFF WAS AMONG THOSE WHO HAD ESCAPED IT WAS CLEAR WHO ROBBED THAT FOOD WAREHOUSE
GA

YES SPEEDY! AND WITH LUCK WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK UP A CLUE THERE

LOOK, GA BANANA SKINS





WE COULD ASK FOR A BETTER SIGN OFF FALSTAFFS HAVING BEEN HERE WE'LL JUST FOLLOW THE TRAIL...

MEANWHILE FALSTAFF IS CONSULTING WITH HIS NOT SO MERRY MEN

WHAT NOW, BOSS? DAT WAREHOUSE ROBBERY DON'T PAY OFF SO GOOD.

YEAH T WAS A WASTE OF TIME.

A WASTE OF TIME? SIRRAH, THOU ART A FOOL AND A RASCAL!



AS IF IT WERE A WASTE OF TIME TO EAT BANANAS, I KNEW THEM NOT BEFORE, BUT THEY ARE WORTH KNOWING! WHAT TENDERNESS, WHAT TEXTURE, WHAT SWEET STOMACH-SATISFYING FLAVOR!

BUT, BOSS YOU PROMISED US BIG THINGS. WE TOUGHT WE'D GO AFTER DOUGH OR JEWELS

MONEY, JEWELS... ROGUE, HAVE YOU NO SOUL? I SEEK NOT SUCH TRIFLING TREASURES, BUT WONDERS THE LIKE OF WHICH THE WORLD HAS NEVER KNOWN!



HERE, THOU PITIABLE VILLIAN, READ THIS!

HUH? I DON'T GET IT.

HELLO, I'M ALFRED. I'M TODAY'S COME OUT once in a while me!

WE SEEK THESE SAUSAGES, VARLET... DARE SAY NAY. AND MY SWORD WILL SLICE YOU INTO TEN THOUSAND QUIVERING PIECES!



THIS AS THE WIZARD ARCHERS
FOLLOW THE GOLDEN TRAIL

BZZZZZZ

WHAT'S THAT
GA
THUNDER?

SOUNDS
LIKE A
BULL
ROARING

NOW IT'S
LIKE
SOMEBODY
YELLING
AND A
LOUD SPEAKER

THAT'S
FA-STATE
ALL RIGHT
WERE ON
THE RIGHT
TRAIL SPEEDY
COME ON

NO COWARDICE
NOW, KNAVES!
I HATE THE
WHITE
FEATHER.
AND I'LL
CUT DOWN
HIM WHO
SHOWS
IT!

HE'S
A FINE
ONE
TO TALK

KIND OF A WARM
DAY FOR A FAT
MAN TO BE
WEARING A
HAT

WE ARE ATTACKED!
SOME SCOUNDRELLY
CONSTABLE
MUST HAVE
HEARD OF
OUR COMING!

I'LL MAKE MINCE-
MEAT OF THE
FOOL! AND THESE
DOZEN ARCHERS
FACING US WILL
FLY FOR THEIR
LIVES!

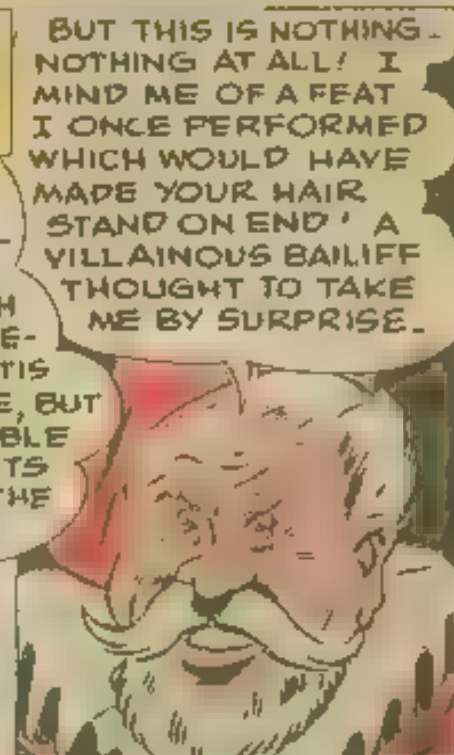
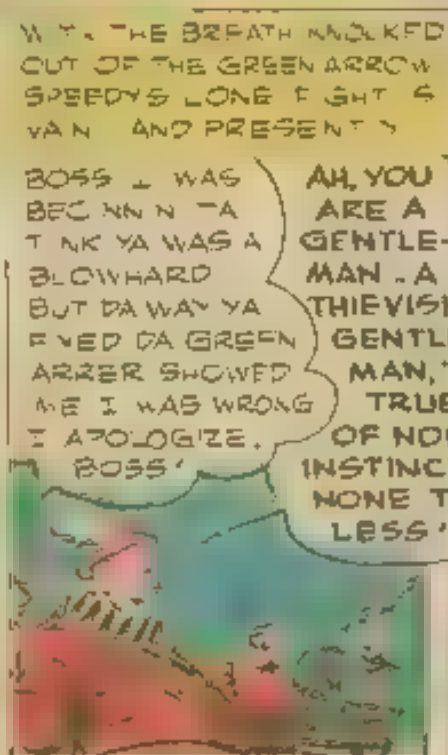
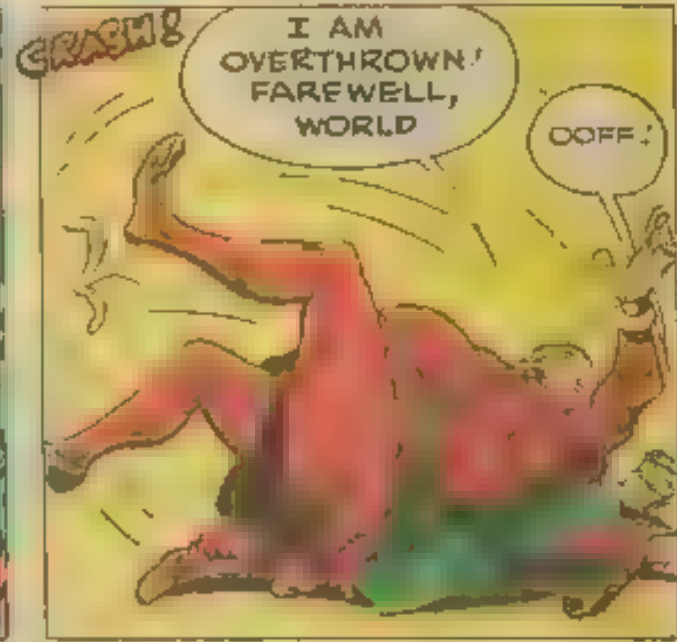
A DOZEN 'ALL
I SEE 5 GREEN
ARROW AND
SPEEDY

ANT
THAT
ENOUGH
SAD?

THANKS
FOR THE
COMPLIMENT.
CHUM

HEY!

YOUR TURN
I'M SAVING
THE BIG FELLOW
FOR DESSERT.





BUT WHEN THE TEN OF
THEM FELL UPON ME
WITH SWORDS
DRAWN ..

"TEN?" HE SAID
THERE WAS
ONE GUY.

I STRUCK
SWIFTLY,
DISPATCHING
A DOZEN OF
THE HUNDRED
WITH ONE STROKE!

HUNDRED?

AND AS THE FEW
THAT REMAINED
ALIVE OF THE
THOUSAND
FLED IN
TERROR..

A
THOUSAND
NOW

QUET
SAYS CAN'T
DA BOSS
EVEN TELL A
STORY WIDOUT
BE N INTER-
RUPTED ABOUT
DETAILS DAT
DONT
MATTER?

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS..
I AM A MODEST MAN AND
AM REVOLTED AT THE
THOUGHT OF BOASTING!
LET US GATHER THE
SPOILS OUR VALOR
HAS WON!

AS FOR THESE
MEDDLING VILLAINS..
WE'LL TAKE THEM
WITH US!
WE'LL TORTURE
THEM WITH
ODORS OF
DIVINE CO-
MESTIBLES
THEY'LL
NEVER TASTE!

PRESENTLY ..

GOSH, & A THEY'RE
KNOCKING OUT THE
MEN WHO RUN THIS
PLACE AND COLLECTING
SAUSAGES

TOO BAD OUR
ROPES AREN'T
JUST A BT
LOOSER
WE'D BE ABLE
TO SLIP OUT AND
STOP THEM.

IF WE ONLY
HAD SOME
SOAP

THAT'LL DO SPEEDY!
MOVE OVER AND
SOAK YOUR ROPES
IN THE STUFF

MOMENTS LATER.

GOSH, GA, - I AM
THE ROPES S PERY
ENOUGH TO SLIDE
OFF.

YES THE JUIC
WAS USED TO
COOK MEAT AND
HAD A LOT OF
GREASE N IT.
NOW HELP ME
GET MY ROPES
OFF

AND AS FALSTAFF MEN ARE ABOUT TO
LEAVE WITH THEIR LOOT

THEY ARE GETTING
AWAY IF I CAN
HELP IT

PIG? DOES THE
VILE SLANDERER
MEAN ME OR
THE SAUSAGE?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
I'VE GOT YOU BOTH

YIII..

I'LL SPOIL THE
RAT'S APPETITE.

OWWW..!

THIS TIME THE MASTER BOWMEN SCORE
AN EASY VICTORY

WE'LL LEAVE THE
OTHERS TO THE
POLICE. BUT WE'VE
GOT TO RETURN
FALSTAFF TO
DR WIMSETT'S
PLACE

GOSH GA, HE
WON'T EN INTO
THE ARROWCAR

BUT WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S
A WAY AND SOON

BOW
WOW

THE SHAME OF IT!
THAT FALSTAFF SHOULD
BE EMPTY WITHIN, AND
TRUSSED IN SAUSAGES
WITHOLT, AND CARTED
ABOUT LIKE A CARCASS
OF BEEF, WITH AN ESCORT
OF HUNGRY, YELPING
MONGRELS! WHAT IN-
SULT! WHAT INJURY TO
MINE HONOR! WHAT IN-
JURY TO MINE STOMACH!

CHAP
4Carrying THE CRIMINAL AVENGER
and Wing

THE VILLAINS YOU HAVE HITHERTO
ARE SWEET INNOCENT CHILDREN
COMPARED TO THE PRECIOUS PAIR
WHO NOW ENACT THEIR TREACHER-
OUS ROLES. THE CRIMINAL AVENGER
AND WING HAVE LET THEIR SHARE
OF CRIMES LOOSEST CHARACTERS
BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE THEY
ENCOUNTERED SUCH DESPIC-
ABLE TRICKS. FOR THESE
ARE SCOUNDRELS WHO PLAY
UPON MANKIND'S BETTER
FEELINGS AS THEY JOIN
HANDS TO FORM...

"HYPOCRITES, INCORPORATED!"



AMONG THOSE EVILDOERS WHOM DR
WINSETT'S CARELESSNESS HAS
ALLOWED TO ESCAPE ARE TWO FOR
WHOM NO GOOD WORD CAN BE SAID.

HE'S A SOFT-HEARTED
FOOL. THE MR HOOPER
REMINDS ME OF
DAVID COPPERFIELD!

AND AS FOR SN-
BAD THE SAILOR
ARE YOU SURE
HE'LL COME THIS
WAY?



HE DIRECTS HIS
FOOTSTEPS HERE
DAILY. I OVERHEARD
HIM TALKING TO A FRIEND
AND I ALSO HEARD HIM
SAY THAT HE LETS NO
ONE BUT HIMSELF
CARRY THE KEY
WE WANT.



RECOGNIZE THEM? THEY'RE NONE OTHER THAN URAH HEEP DICKENS MOST DESPICABLE CREATION AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA NEAR-NEMESIS OF SNOBAD THE SAILOR

BUT HERE WE COME NOW GET READY

OH, MY BROTHER MY POOR BROTHER! HELP HIM AND SR, WHILE THERE'S YET HOPE

WHY WHAT'S WRONG?

HIS PULSE SEEMS ALL RIGHT

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? DID HE JUST FALL UNCONSCIOUS?

SUDDENLY..

HE'S AS EASY A VICTIM AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD BE! SNOBAD WAS THE SAME WAY

AAAGH!

WHAT A CHARITABLE DEED, URAH TO CARRY A HELP-LESS OLD MAN WHERE HE WANTS TO GO!

IT TOUCHES THE HEART AND BRINGS TEARS TO THE EYES

YOU'LL TAKE US TO CHARITY HOUSE, AND REMEMBER, IF YOU TRY TO UTTER A WORD OF WARNING TO ANY ONE, I'LL CHOKER THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!

MEANWHILE, TO PREVENT LOSS OF TIME I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE KEY TO THE STRONG BOX

MEANWHILE THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING, WARNED BY LARRY DUFFY, ARE ALREADY ON THE SCENE.

"AM I GOING TO READ CHINESE NOVELS SO I CAN HEAR OF OLD MAN OF SEA AND CRASH HERE THAT THEY LIKE MASTER CRASH?"

"PRETTY BAD CUSTOMERS WING, AS YOU SEE WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH THEM BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL."

QUESTIONING OF PASSERBY SOON BRINGS USEFUL INFORMATION.

"THIS OLD MAN WAS A VERY PATHETIC SIGHT, AVENGER. HE LAY HIS HEAD ON THE GROUND, AND PEOPLE WERE THROWING PENNIES INTO IT."

"THAT SOUNDS LIKE OUR MAN. HE WASN'T ALONE, WAS HE?"



"OH NO THERE WAS A SAD MAN WHEN HE WAS VERY SYMPATHETIC."

"HE COULDN'T STOP CRYING WHEN A LITTLE GIRL LOST A GUM DROP."

"THAT'S OUR LAD THANKS, FRIEND, ALL WE WANT TO KNOW NOW IS WHICH WAY HE WENT."

"THUS THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER AND HIS ALLY ARE NOT FAR BEHIND WHEN PRESENTLY."

"ANY LOOK AT MR. HOOPER WOULD DO ANYTHING TO HELP AN UNFORTUNATE PERSON."

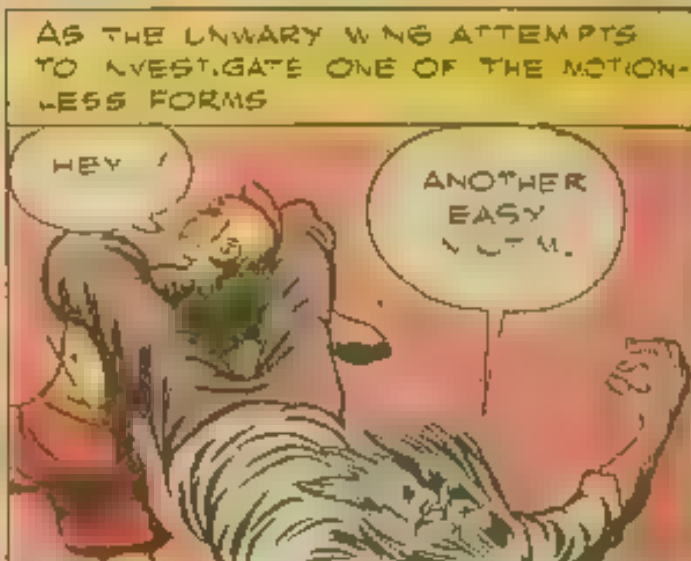
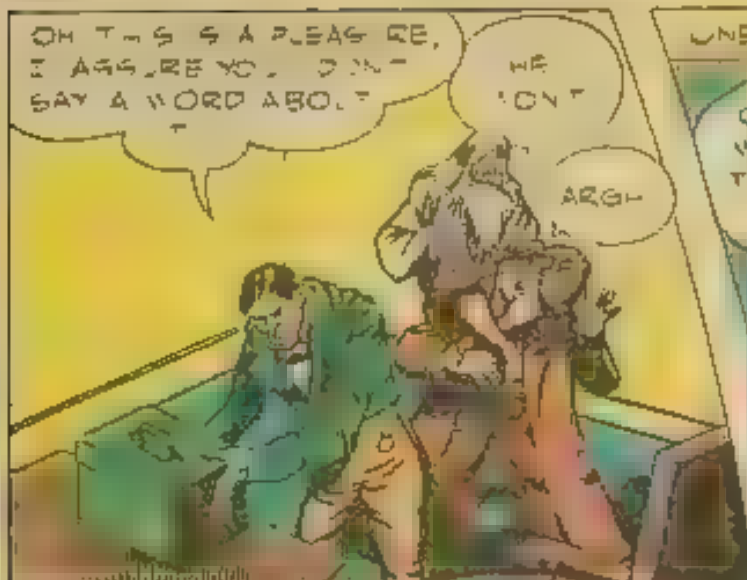
CHARITY HOUSE

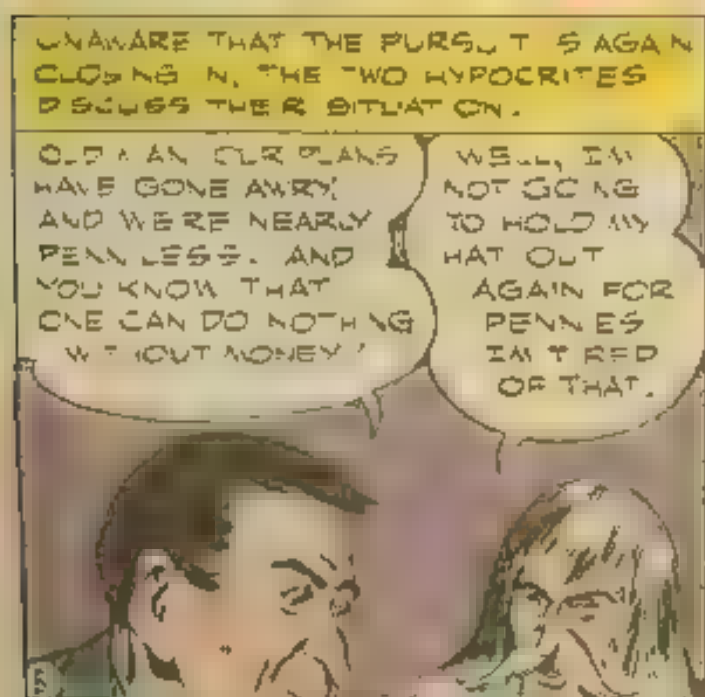
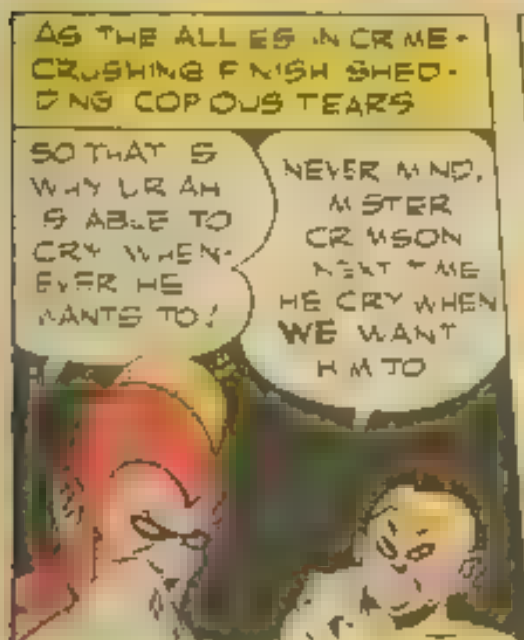
"AT THESE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS HAVE CHANGED LITTLE SINCE I WAS THERE ALWAYS READY TO AD THE UNHAPPY AND WHO NEEDS MORE THAN UNHAPPY CRASH HERE?"

"YOU'RE BUSY, MR. HOOPER SO I'LL OPEN THE STRONG BOX FOR YOU."

BUT







AND SO AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER
AND I'VE FINALLY CATCH UP
WITH THEIR QUARRY

ATTABOY!
LOOK AT THE OLD
GUY GO!

THEY'VE ENTERED
A PICKABACK
RALE

OH OH THOSE TWO
WHO STOPPED US BEFORE
ARE AFTER US AGAIN
FASTER!

I'M OUT OF
BREATH
PERHAPS
WE CAN
ESCAPE
AT THE
SIDE.

NOT THIS
WAY . . . IN THAT
DIRECTION.

QUET OLD MAN,
AND DON'T TRY TO
GIVE ME ORDERS
WHOSE FEET
ARE DOING THE
RUNNING
ANYWAY!

NEVER MIND
WHOSE FEET
YOU OBEY ME
OR YOU DON'T
BREATHE!

ARCH...

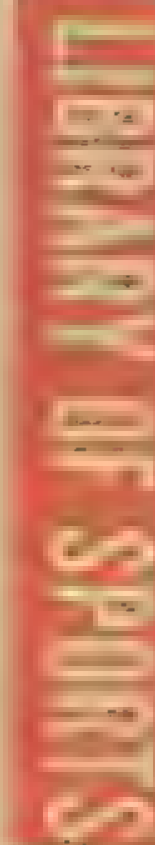
ALAS, ALAS, MY POOR
FRIEND HAS LOST
THE USE OF HIS
LIMBS!

HEY MISTER
CRIMSON WRONG
ONE CRY

HE MUST
HAVE GOT AN
ACCIDENTAL
SHOT OF
ON ON JUICE!
BUT IT WON'T
DO HIM ANY
GOOD

THEY'RE BOTH
GOING BACK TO DR
WIMSETT'S PLACE
AND THIS TIME THEY'RE
NOT GETTING
AWAY!

LIBRARY OF SPORTS

[illegible]

Send for your books today

Suppose we are interested in the effect of the following factors on the response variable y :

- x_1 = sex (M, F)
- x_2 = age (18-24, 25-34, 35-44, 45-54, 55-64, 65-74, 75-84, 85-94)
- x_3 = education (High school, College, Graduate)
- x_4 = income (Low, Medium, High)

Prove to yourself that you many of the fundamental tips on training in big league training camps. He gives it to you right "right of a lifetime" as Bucky Walters, Bob Feller, Marion and Walter Johnny Hopp, Morty Haring, running, and folding. Start your collection of the Sports Champion by Lew Fonseca and his book for the big, double after coupon--and mail today. Check

**"Breakfast
of Champions"**
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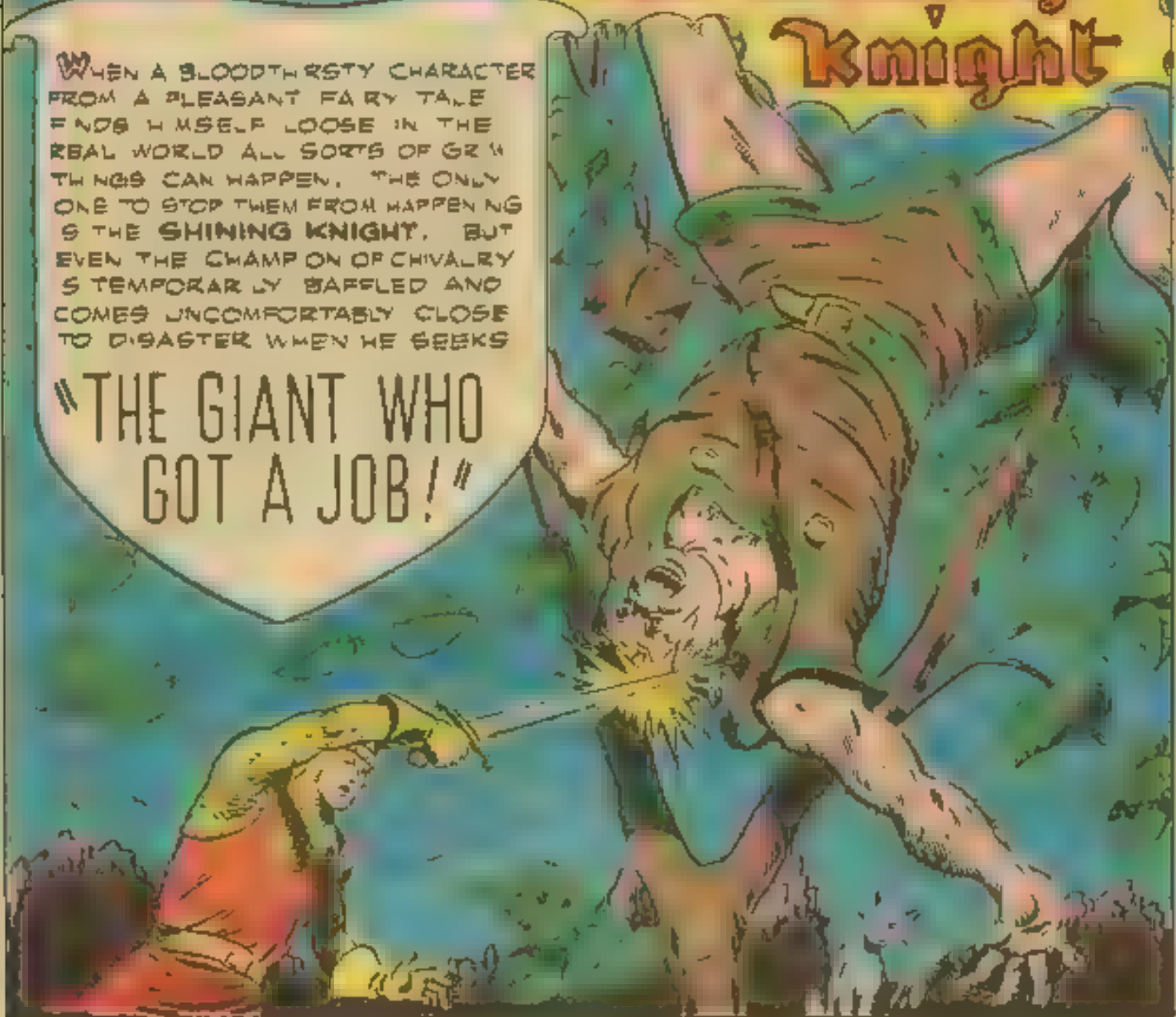


Chap. 3 **STARRING**

The Shining Knight

WHEN A BLOODTHIRSTY CHARACTER FROM A PLEASANT FARY TALE FINDS HIMSELF LOOSE IN THE REAL WORLD ALL SORTS OF GRW THNGS CAN HAPPEN. THE ONLY ONE TO STOP THEM FROM HAPPENNG S THE SHINING KNIGHT, BUT EVEN THE CHAMPON OF CHIVALRY S TEMPORARLY BAFFLED AND COMES UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO DISASTER WHEN HE SEEKS

“THE GIANT WHO GOT A JOB!”



AT DR WIMBETT'S ESTATE HUMPTY DUMPTY PROCEEDS WITH HIS REVELATIONS ..

ANOTHER OF THE DANGEROUS ONES S THE GANT THE ONE JACK MET WHEN HE CLIMBED HIS BEANSTALK OF COURSE, HE WASN'T ALONE



BUT THOSE WITH HIM ARE OLD FRIENDS OF MINE, AND I REFUSE TO BETRAY THEM.

A PARTING FOR ALL GIANTS I DEMAND MY PPE AND MY COOLERS THREE



THIS IS NO TIME FOR
FOOLING A GIGANTE,
I CLAIM THIS QUEST
IS MINE. I HAVE HAD
MUCH EXPERIENCE
WITH GIANTS,
AND THIS ONE
WILL NOT ESCAPE
ME.

THE
BEST
OF LUCK,
PARTNER

RECKON THAT TAKES
CARE OF MOST
OF THE DAMONDBACKS
WHO GOT AWAY

OH BUT
YOU'RE
FORGETTING
SOME VERY
GREAT
RASCALS
THEY'RE

BUT HERE WE'D
BETTER CENSOR OUR
DUMPTY FRIEND.
WHETHER THESE
FINAL RASCALS ARE
GREAT OR NOT, WE'LL
LEARN LATER.
MEANWHILE, LET'S
FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF
THE ESCAPED GIANT
WITH HIS QUEER
ASSORTMENT
OF COMPANIONS!

A CHESHIRE CAT,
A LION AND A
JUN COIN, ALL FROM
ALICE IN WONDERLAND.
STRANGE FRIENDS
FOR ME. BUT MY
SIZE MAKES ME TOO
NOTICEABLE, AND
THEY'LL HELP ME
ESCAPE FROM
WHOEVER
PURSUES.

AT A NEARBY CIRCUS
THE GIANT SEEKS EM-
PLOYMENT...

I'M NO TAME
GIANT, SUCH
AS YOU NOW
HAVE I AM
FORCE THROUGH
AND THROUGH
I HATE PEOPLE

LOOK, PAL,
IT'S ALL RIGHT
TO ACT IN
FRONT OF
THE PUBLIC,
BUT DON'T
DO IT AROUND
ME. BE
YOURSELF

BE MYSELF?
YOU'LL REGRET
THAT WHEN
I AM!

HO HLM
YOU
WOULDN'T
SCARE A
BABY BUT
WHERE'S THAT
ANIMAL ACT
YOU SAID
YOU HAD?

HERE
IS THIS GOOD
ENOUGH FOR
YOU?

A
D.S.-
APPEAR-
ING CAT,
OBVIOUSLY
DONE WITH
MIRRORS OF
COURSE, BUT
NOT BAD

AND A FAKE FIGHT
GUESS I'LL DO TO FEEL
THE CLOVERES OKAY
YOU AND YOUR PETS
ARE HRED



AND SO THE GANT ASSUMES HIS NEW
DUTIES

"WOULDN'T SCARE A BABY HE SAID HA
HEE, F FO ELM
I SHALL THE BLOOD OF AN AMERICAN
BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD"



THERES PLENTY
OF BREAD AROUND SO I
WON'T HAVE TO DO THAT
BUT I'LL BREAK THEIR
BONES ALL
RIGHT



HO, THERE
HE IS AT
HIM,
VICTORY!

I'M THE BIGGEST
FERCEST GANT
IN THE WORLD.
WHAT LAR SAYS
I'M NOT

BE YOU
ART BUT
SHALL TAKE
THY
FERCENESS

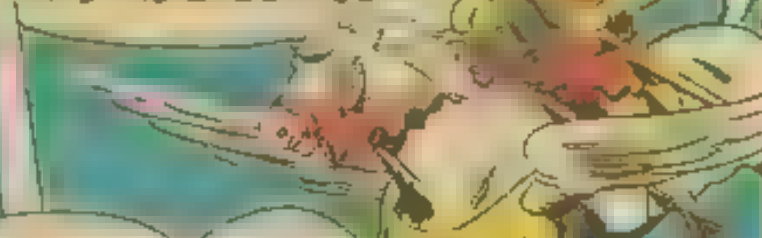
THE
SHINING
KNIGHT!

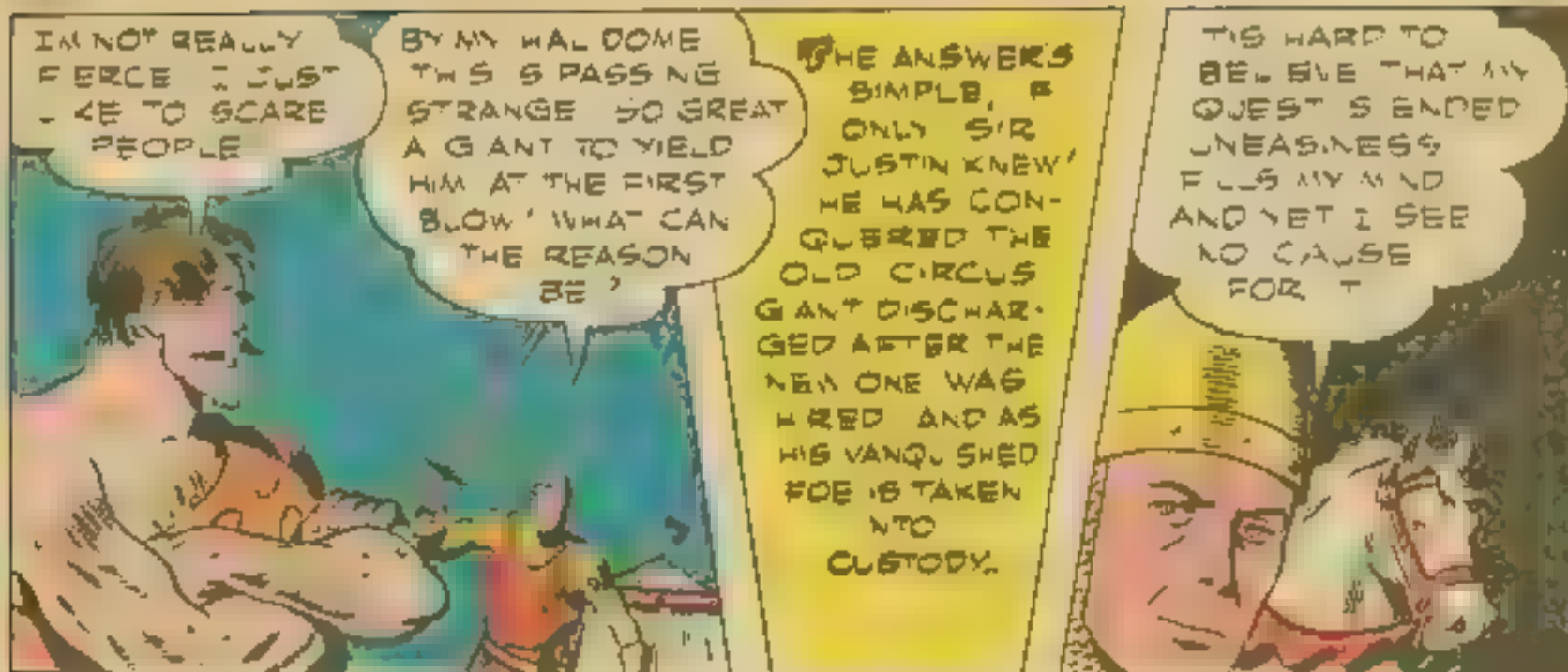
AH
THOU HAST
HEARD OF
ME VARET
NOW SHALL THY
PERSON FEEL
WHAT MY
SWORD CAN
DO

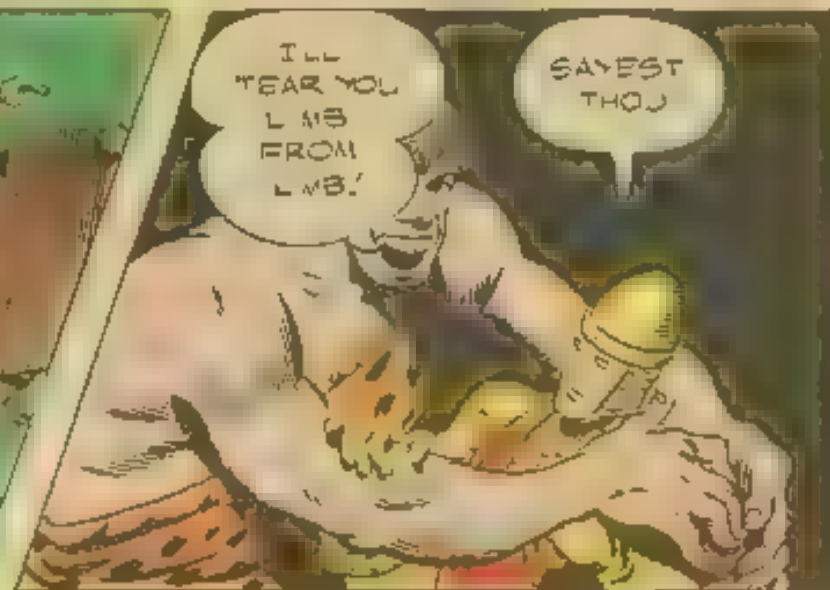
DON'T LET
ME KNIGHT
I GIVE
UP

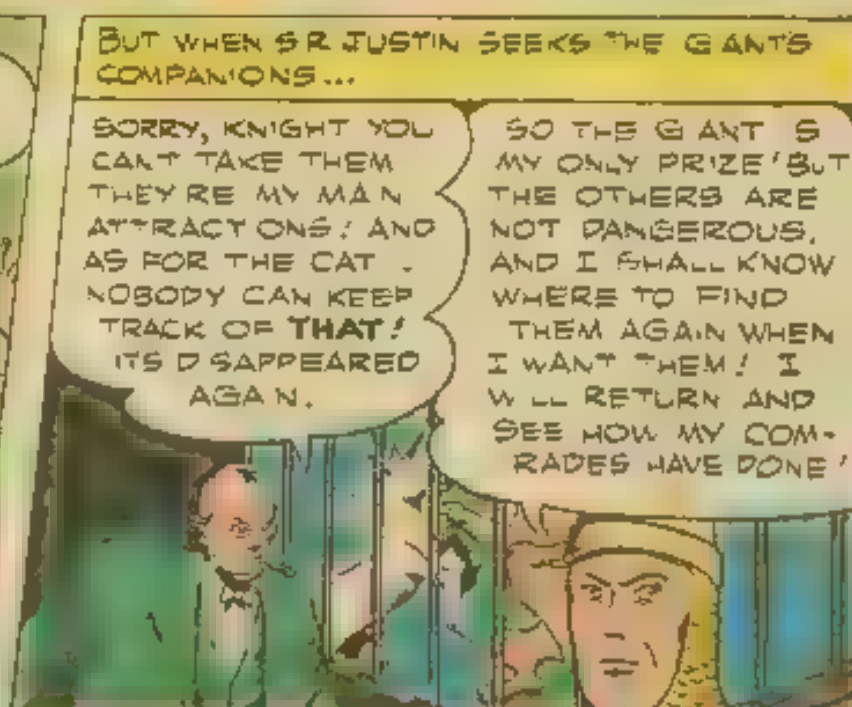
IN THE MEANTIME THE SHINING KNIGHT
HAS HEARD RUMORS

HE SAID THE GANT
ROAMS THE CITY, BOASTING
OF HIS BONES, AND
TERRORIZING THE WEAK
AND HE WAS SEEN IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD











CHAPTER 6 STARRING The Vigilante

MEN AND WOMEN GO THEIR PEACEFUL WAYS, AND NOT ONE OF THEM DREAMS OF THE GRIM FATE BEING PLANNED FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING ON EARTH. YES DEATH OR SLAVERY ARE IN STORE FOR ALL THAT IS, IF THESE PLANS ARE CARRIED OUT! SO IT'S FORTUNATE INDEED THAT THE VIGILANTE STANDS BETWEEN THESE BLUEPRINTS FOR CATASTROPHE AND THEIR FULFILLMENT BY THE ..

"LITTLE MEN WITH BIG IDEAS!"



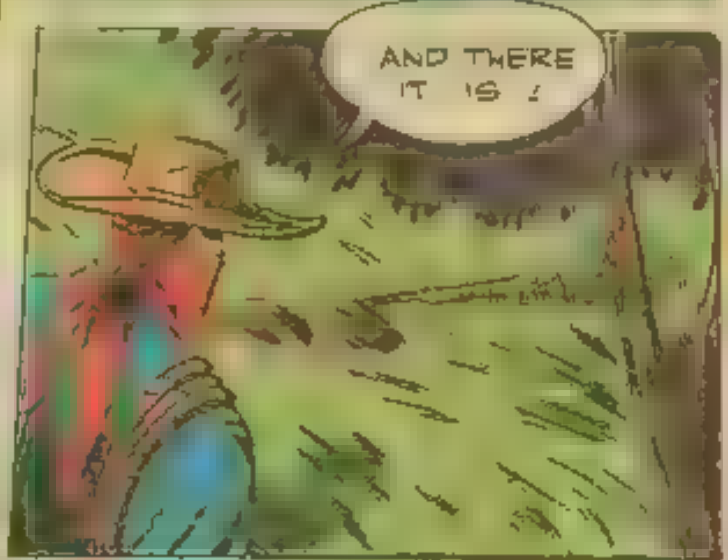
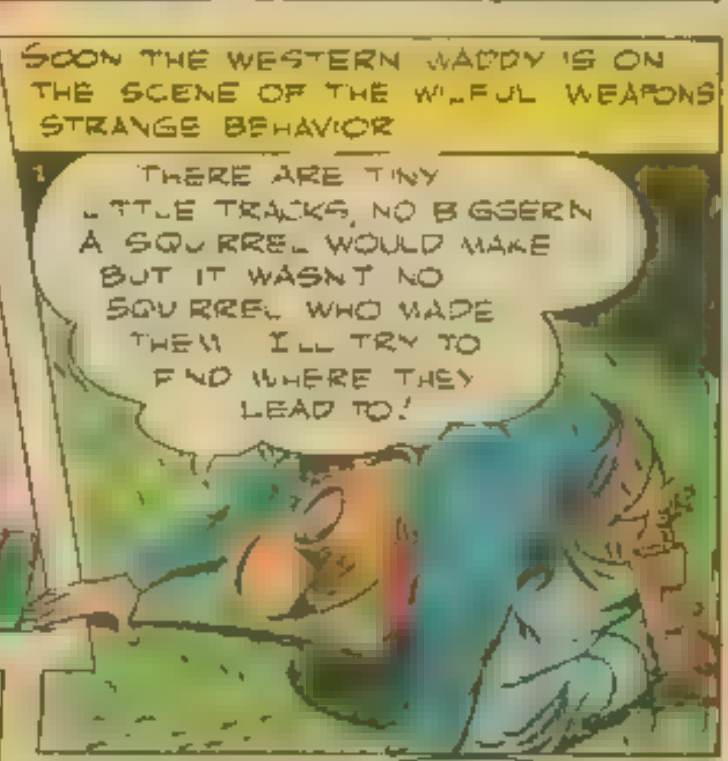
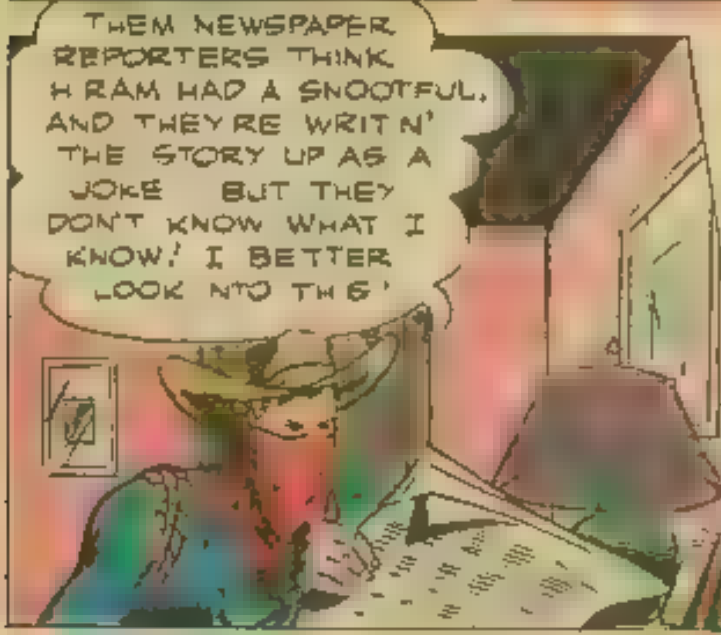
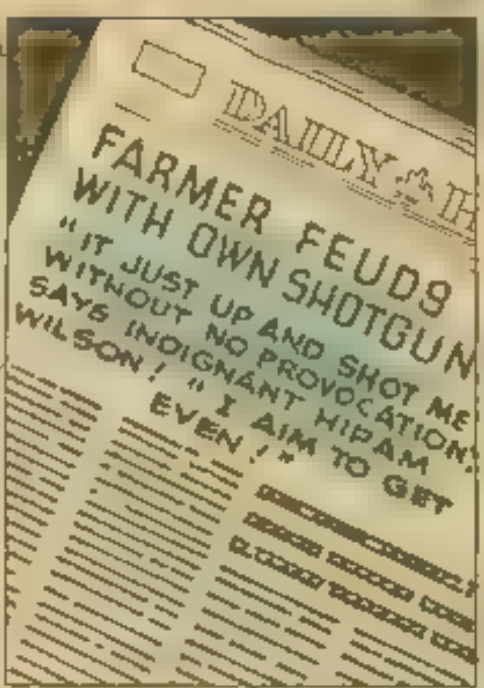
IN A FIELD NOT FAR FROM DR WIMSETT'S ESTATE A FARMER SEEKS LOST PROPERTY

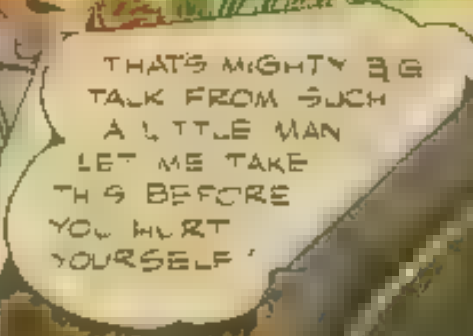
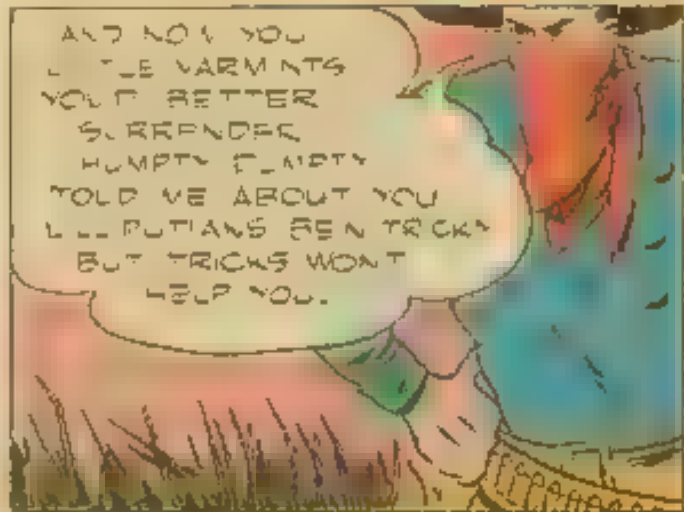
AH THERES THAT SHOTGUN I DROPPED LAST NIGHT AND COULDN'T FIND N THE DARK.



EESHKK. T'S TRY N' TO KILL ME.







I THOUGHT I HAD
THE LITTLE SDE-
WINDERS BUT THEYVE
D SAAPERED N THIS
GRASS RECKON ID
BETTER KEEP ON
TRAILIN'.

BUT AS THE LARRUPTING LARIATEER MOVES
FORWARD...

WHAT...?

WE THOUGHT WE
MIGHT BE PURSUED
AND THEREFORE
PREPARED THS TRAP!
QUICK, MEN,
THE ROPES!

LOOKS LIKE
THEY GOT ME! EACH
OF THEM ROPES ALONE
IS WRAK, BUT PLT
TOGETHER, THEYVE
GOT THE STRENGTH
OF A THCK
CABLE!

YOU MAY
BE A
MONSTER
N SIZE BUT
WE'LL TE YOU
DOWN AS WE DID
THE MAN-
MOUNTAIN,
GULLIVER!

YES,
MAN-MOUNTAIN,
WE HAVE YOU...
AND SOON
WE'LL HAVE ALL
YOUR KIND! YOUR
MINDS ARE SLOW
AND SLUGGISH,
LIKE YOUR BODIES,
YOU WERE BORN
TO BE OUR
SLAVES!

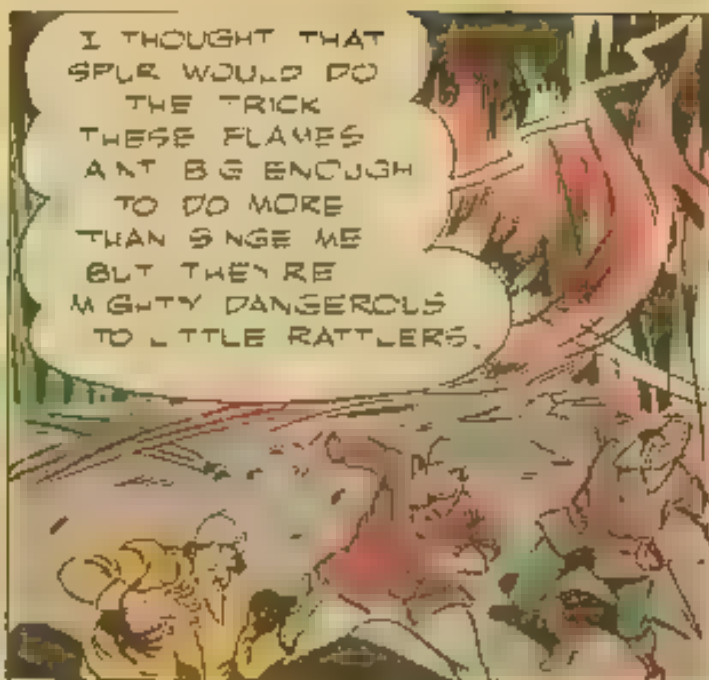
ALL YOUR RACE
WILL THRASH FURIOUSLY
BUT HELPLESSLY, AS
YOU DO NOW IN
OUR MIGHTY
GRP! WE'LL GET
BOMBING PLANES
POUND YOU INTO
SUBMISSION.



BUT THE VIGILANTE HAS NOT BEEN THRASHING IN A MESS FURY! REPEATED BLOWS OF HIS SPURS FINALLY STRIKE A SPARK FROM FLINTY STONE.



I THOUGHT THAT SPUR WOULD DO THE TRICK THESE FLAMES ANT BE ENOUGH TO DO MORE THAN SNGE ME BUT THEY'RE MIGHTY DANGEROUS TO LITTLE RATTLES.

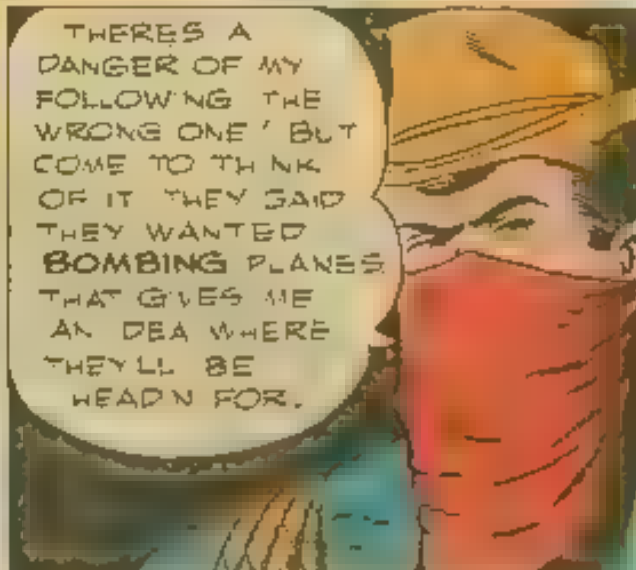


BURNING HIMSELF FREE OF HIS NUMEROUS BONDS THE PUNCHING PLAINS MAN ONCE MORE TAKES UP THE TRAIL AND AT A NEARBY ROAD.



LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE RASCALS CAUGHT A RIDE ON A HAY WAGON AND THERE ARE A LOT OF THE WAGONS AROUND HERE

THERES A DANGER OF MY FOLLOWING THE WRONG ONE' BUT COME TO THINK OF IT THEY SAID THEY WANTED BOMBING PLANES THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA WHERE THEY'LL BE HEADN FOR.



AND NOW THE PURSUIT LEADS CITYWARDS, TO THE TOY DEPARTMENT OF A GREAT STORE WHERE A MODEL PLANE EXHIBITION IS TAKING PLACE

BOY, I THOUGHT MY PLANE WAS GOOD BUT TOMMY'S IS THE FANCIEST THING I EVER SAW

SURE, HE CAN SPEND MONEY ON IT' TOY CANNON LITTLE PARACHUTES ITS GOT EVERYTHING

JUST WHAT THE LITTLE VARMINTS WANT



WONDER F THEY GOT HERE YET?

HEY, TS STARTING BY ITSELF

LOOKS LIKE THEY DO.



NOW THAT WE
HAVE AIR POWER
WE'RE MASTERS
OF THE WORLD,
MAKE FOR THE
DOOR AND
SHOOT DOWN
ANYONE WHO
TRIES TO STOP
US

BUT AS THE LITTLE PLANE ZOOMS PROUDLY
UPWARD ..

I DON'T
WANT TO HURT
THE PINT-
SIZED COYOTES,
BUT I'VE GOT
TO STOP THEM,
AND THIS IS
THE WAY.

BANE!

AND NOW, AS
THEY COME DOWN
TANGLED IN THOSE
PARACHUTES, I'VE GOT
A CHANCE TO SCOOP
THEM UP BEFORE
THEY SCURRY
AWAY

MOMENTS LATER

RECKON I'VE GOT
THEM ALL. I
THOUGHT ONE
LOOKED BIGGER
BUT NOW I CAN
SEE THEM CLOSE
AT HAND I GUESS
I WAS WRONG!

THE 'FOOL'
HE DOESN'T
REALIZE THAT
OUR KING
HAS ESCAPED
AND WILL
FREE US
ALL OVER
AGAIN

YES, THE
KING OF WILLIPUT
HAS ESCAPED!
AND ALREADY WICKED
LITTLE PLANS ARE BUZZING
IN HIS WICKED LITTLE HEAD

HA,
THIS UNDERBRUSH
ON THE WOMAN-MOUNTAIN
HAT PROVIDES FINE
COVER. I'LL LET HER
CARRY ME TO SAFETY.
THEN WHEN I'M FREE
AGAIN, I'LL MAKE
THE WHOLE WORLD
TREMBLE

CHAPTER 7

BACK TO THE BOOKS

DR. WASETT, WE'VE
BROUGHT BACK THE
REALLY DANGEROUS
CAPTIVES. WHAT
ABOUT YOU?

I'M SORRY,
GENTLEMEN
I MUST CONFESS
FAILURE!

ONCE MORE THE
SEVEN SOLDIERS
OF VICTORY ASSEM-
BLE THIS TIME
WITH THE R
CAPTIVES.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GONE WRONG.
I HAVE NO TROUBLE
AT ALL IN BRINGING
CHARACTERS OUT OF
BOOKS.

FOR THE LAST TIME.
DO I GET MY PIPE,
MY BOWL AND MY
FIDDLERS
THREE?

ALL RIGHT,
KING COLE --
IN JUST A
MINUTE

AT LAST
LIGHT MY
PIPE, GIVE
ME MY
BOWL
AND START
PLAYING!

OH SEE?
BRINGING
THEM HERES
EASY AS
PIE
BUT I
CANT SEND
THEM
BACK!

YOU MUST BE TIRED OF
SITTING ON THE FLOOR PA-
TRY THIS FOR A CHANCE

THANK YOU
THANK
YOU
THANK
YOU

BUT, DE
WASSETT WE
CAN'T KEEP
THESE
CHARACTERS
UNDER LOCK
AND KEY
NOFF NITELY

RIGHT PARDNER
AND THERE ARE 5" LL
SOVE WE HAVENT
GOT BACK
THEY MAY NOT BE
CROOKS BUT THEY
CAN CAUSE QUITE A
RUMPUS IF THEY AN'T
CORRALLED.

YOU'RE ONLY TOO RIGHT, VILANTE
FOR INSTANTLY AT THIS MOMENT
DURING A PERFORMANCE OF
HAMLET.

I TO BE OR NOT
TO BE THAT
IS THE
QUESTION.

HA
VILLAN

I WARNED THEE
NOT TO PICTURE ME
AS A SHILLY-SHALY NG
SIMPLETON BUT
YOU WILL NOT
BE TAUGHT

OOOO
HES GOING
TO KILL
ME

WHILE IN A NEARBY SLUM.

UP, FOOLS, SHAKE
OFF YOUR LETHARGY!
THERE'S WORK
TO DO!

MUH?

HELP ME FREE
MY MEN AND
YOU'LL BE MY
MOST HONORED
SLAVES I'LL
GIVE YOU KING-
DOMS TO DO
WITH AS YOU
PLEASE

IT CAN'T
BE, WILLIE
I MUST
BE DREAMIN

IF YOU'RE
DREAMIN
I'M DREAMIN
TOO I CAN
SNEAK TO
TALKIN TO
US

AND IN A CIRCUS CAGE

COME COME
NOW
DISAPPEAR
DIS-
APPEAR
I SAID

THAT CAT'S
THE
STUBBORNEST
THING
SOMETIMES IT
DISAPPEARS
EVERY FIVE
MINUTES. BUT
IT'S BEEN SITTING
THERE FOR AN
HOUR NOW, AND
NOT EVEN A HAIR
WILL VANISH

MEANWHILE...

THE STAR-SPANGLED
KID TOLD STRIPES TO
KEEP AN EYE ON ME,
BUT THE SWAB
FORGOT! THIS
WOODEN LEG MAKES
A HANDY CLUB

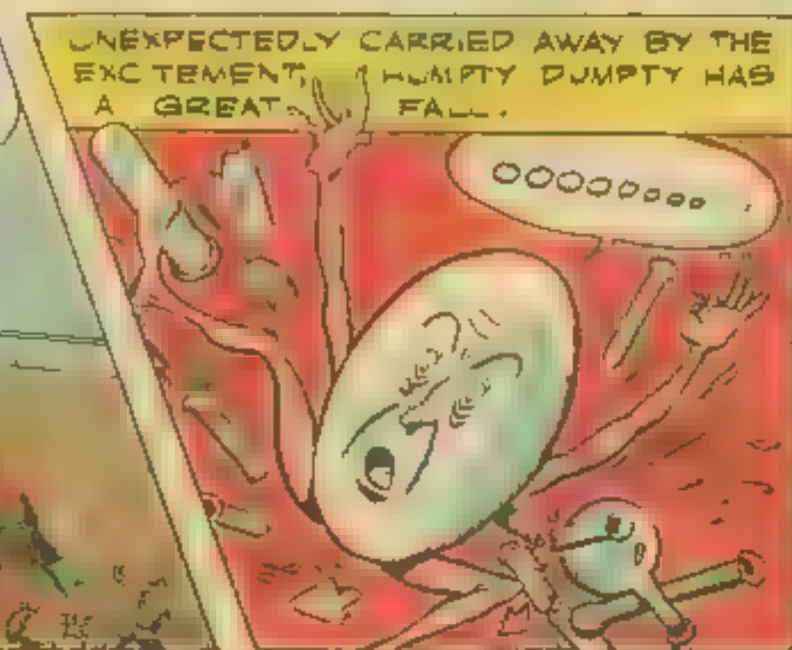
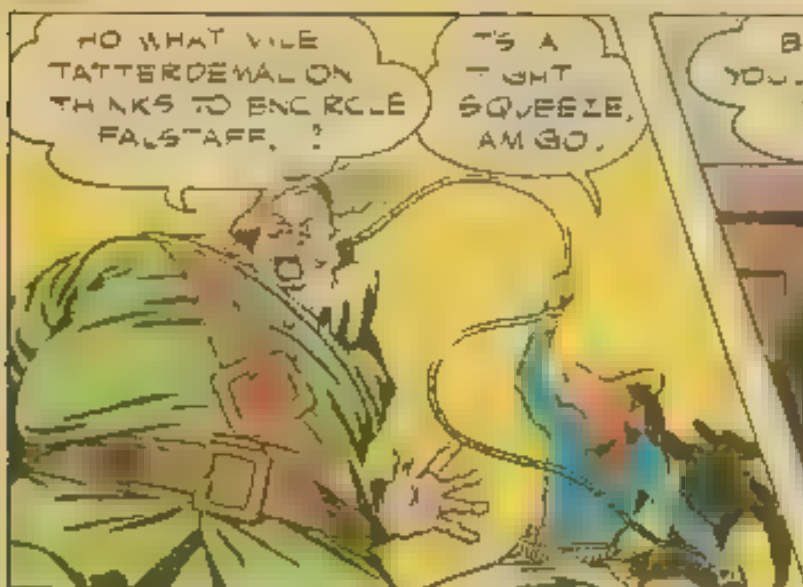
AVAST
BULLY BOY I'LL
RELABOR YOUR
BONES FOR YOU

HE'S HURT HE
ISN'T WATCHING
ME ANY
MORE

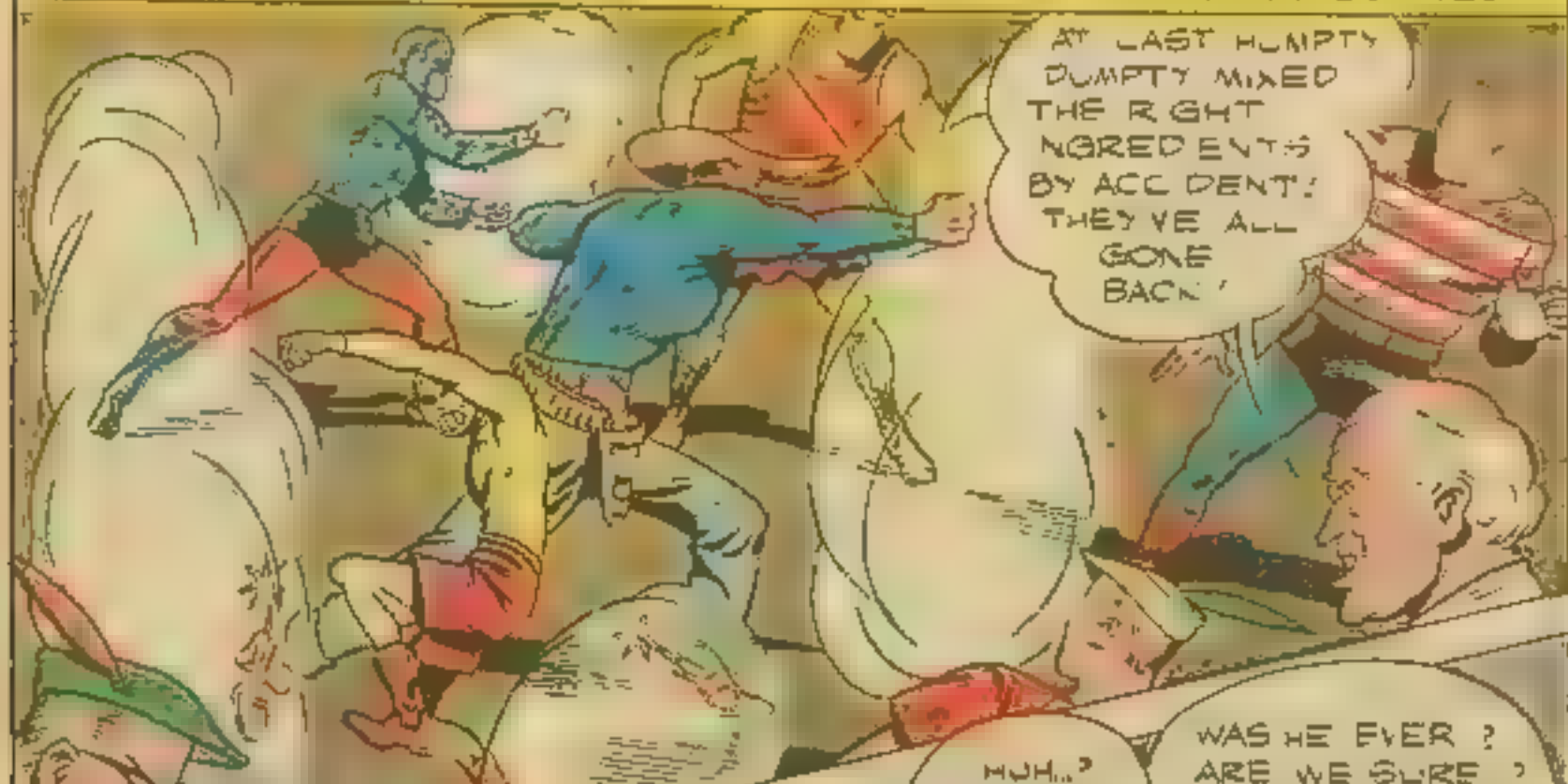
WHAT??

ONLY A GLANCING BLOW BUT
IT SERVES TO THROW THE
ENTIRE ROOM INTO TURMOIL

MY BONES
ARE SAFE ENOUGH
BUT THY LEG
IS IN TWO!



AND AS DIFFERENT CHEMICALS FLOW TOGETHER FROM SHATTERED BOTTLES



AT LAST HUMPTY
DUMPTY MIXED
THE RIGHT
INGREDIENTS
BY ACCIDENT!
THEY'VE ALL
GONE
BACK!

HE
DISAPPEARED
JUST AS HE WAS
STABBING ME! AND I
WAS AFRAID I'D FIGURE
IN ANOTHER TRAGEDY

ON A SHAKES-
PEAREAN STAGE
THERE'S UNEX-
PECTED COMEDY
RELIEF THAT
SHAKESPEARE
NEVER WROTE

HUH?
HE'S
GONE!

WAS HE EVER?
ARE WE SURE?
WELL MAYBE
WE OUGHTTA LAY
OFF DAT STUFF
WE BEEN
DRINKIN'!



WHY, HE'S GONE
ALL AT ONCE
BUT EVERY OTHER
TIME I SAW HIM
DO IT, THE GRIN
WENT LAST!

THANK GOODNESS
WE'RE FINALLY R'D
OF THEM. AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED
I'LL NEVER BRING
THEM OUT OF
THEIR BOOKS
AGAIN.

BUT IN
CASE
THEY
EVER
DO
GET
OUT

CALL ON US
PAL WHETHER
THEY'RE
CROOKS FROM
BOOKS
OR FROM
REAL LIFE
WE'LL TAKE
THEM ON
AND SET
THINGS
RIGHT



DEATH IN THE SKY

by Jesse Merlan

HE was in England right next to an airfield hidden in the clump of woods that bordered the end of the long runway. His uniform and his identification papers, his carefully clipped speech and Eton accent, all of them made him Lieut. Eustace W. Smith, Englishman. But the uniform was a disguise, the papers all forgeries, and his real name was Karl von Strucker.

Ever since that dark, moonless night when he'd dropped out of the sky from a German bomber, he'd walked in danger. But von Strucker had been well prepared; the Gestapo had no better secret agent.

That sentry again. From the airfield, Von Strucker crouched snugly down under a thick bush, unseen by the lookout prodding past just fifty feet away. Von Strucker had no sense of humor, but he almost laughed at the way he'd made fools of these stupid Englishmen. The sentry passed, again unsuspecting.

Back in Berlin, von Strucker had been especially chosen for this job. And now it was all done, all but the escape back to Germany. And that would come in a few swift hours. He could afford to be patient; he couldn't fail now.

In von Strucker's pockets were thin sheets of paper with many marks and maps on them. Information vital to the defense of Fortress Europe. Data and notes and figures that Hitler would use to repel the invasion that was even now crumbling his defenses. An English lieutenant in the uniform of an air pilot could gather a lot of information in four short days. Four quick days. Von

Strucker thought back. He remembered . . .

For four days von Strucker had roamed London asking questions. Sly questions, jolly questions, innocent-sounding questions. He knew his work. And he'd had the good luck to fall in with some American pilots. He'd tricked them completely. Made them believe he was on a short leave from his English flight command. They hadn't talked much, but little innocent words were all that von Strucker needed. Bit by bit, fact by fact, he'd gathered the information that would help Germany to repel attack. He knew figures, number of guns, planes, men; he'd drawn maps. And now he had to get back to Germany. Somehow . . .

Von Strucker knew that his minutes in England were numbered; that every second might mean detection and . . . and a firing squad at dawn.

But dawn was almost here now. And no need to think back on dangers already past. He had enough information on him now to satisfy the most demanding German general. And he was planning to fly back to Germany.

Yes, fly. Among his many other accomplishments was the ability to pilot a plane. That was one more reason why he'd been chosen for this mission.

Gray dawn struck fingers of light down to von Strucker's hiding place under the bush. No, not Karl von Strucker. He had to be Lieut. Eustace W. Smith to do this thing, to escape back into Germany. He rose to his feet, brushed his English uniform carefully. He knew exactly what he had to do. His smooth, ruddy face be-

trayed no excitement. He'd planned this too perfectly to fail.

He knew that every fighter airfield had extra planes always ready and waiting on the take-off strip. And this was an American field. His English uniform would get him by more easily here. Von Strucker slipped his hand inside the right pocket of his flying jacket. A small but powerful automatic was there, the silencer cold and efficient against his palm. Just in case. Spies had to commit murder sometimes.

He scuttled furtively across the military road, bent low, then rose and sauntered nonchalantly over to a ground crewman standing next to a fighter plane. It was still too dark to see well. All the better. Hand ready on his pistol, von Strucker was wary. This was most dangerous. To steal a plane and . . .

The crewman glanced over his shoulder, and von Strucker was almost ready with a story. And ready to shoot to risk any odds to get into the cockpit of that plane. But it all turned out much easier than that.

"Oh, here you are, sir!" The groundman saluted the English flyer's uniform. "All ready to take off, sir? We got word that you were coming."

Without a pause, with no sign of surprise, von Strucker saluted as Lieut. E. W. Smith would have. Graciously, snappily, almost jauntily. This was luck. This fool mistook him for someone else, was actually offering him a plane in which to fly to Germany. Von Strucker grinned evilly to himself. He decided to be grateful, to make

no fuss, to give a gift in exchange for this gift of a plane. He wouldn't shoot the groundman.

"Right O my good chappie!" Von Strucker was almost gay. He clambered up into the fighter's cockpit, pulled the blister in glass back down over him. The crewman's voice could still be heard.

"Careful, sir! I notice you've got no parachute, but you're not supposed to go far or high. Just deliver this plane to the next English field. You've got a mighty important battle-baby there! Wouldn't want it to fall into German hands, you know."

Von Strucker thought of how soon the plane's motors would get him back to Europe instead of the field the man was speaking of. But he wouldn't risk flying as far as Berlin. An English plane that a German spy stole from an American airfield was no safe transport over Germany. But once past the English Channel he would set this fighter down in the French countryside, destroy his English uniform and proceed to German Military Intelligence. Von Strucker's mind raced with jobs.

The instrument panel, first. Quickly, von Strucker's practiced hands found the proper buttons and levers. It was almost too easy. The slipstream drowned the crewman's last words.

The swift race along the runway. The lung into air, wing over to the left. Straighten. Climb up and up. And flying all the time for the Channel. For France and escape back to the Third Reich.

Yes, this plane was a night fighter. No lights on his instrument board. But von Strucker was managing. Somehow his hands didn't fumble. It was quite simple to fly this plane. In a few short minutes he would be free. That gleam

of water just ahead was the English Channel.

Then, suddenly, it happened. Out of the sky above him, pouncing in one long screaming dive came an American P-51 fighter. But von Strucker wasn't alarmed at first. He merely glanced back, recognized the hated star and broad red stripe of the enemy and then chuckled to himself. So he had an escort. Ha, Ha. Maybe he could even trick this fool into landing in France with him. Maybe he could capture two Allied planes besides delivering his information to Germany. Maybe.

But what was this? That *Schwein* was shooting at him! Shooting at one of his own planes! Shooting at Lieut Eustace W. Smith! Kar von Strucker was too amazed to try any evasive tactics. Anyway it was too late.

The American plane poured 50-caliber slugs as a garden hose pours water. The shells whined through the air, sawing at a wing, cutting it through. Von Strucker screamed wildly, watching his left wing collapse, tilting back toward the cockpit like a broken bit of toy. And painted on the wing tip—that insigni! It couldn't be! But it was—was.

The gas tank under von Strucker exploded with a sharp

roar. The ammunition for the cannon in the wings must have gone up with it. The plane under von Strucker's as Lieut Eustace W. Smith, turned into a flare of angry orange flame and seconds later only tiny bits of hot and splintered steel hissed into the cold waters of the English Channel.

High in the thin stratosphere a boy from Ohio who had once been a darn good farmer and was now even a better fighter pilot radioed his field.

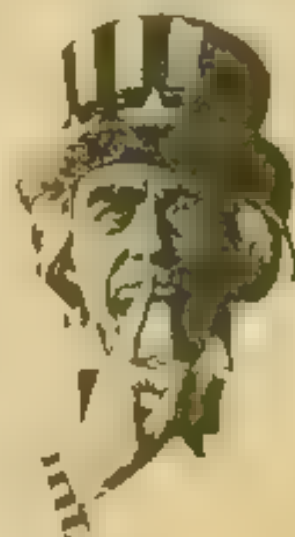
"R-22! R-22! Calling R-22! Coming in. Lieut Jones coming in! Sorry I turned back. But I caught a German plane sneaking back from a London raid. Shot the Swastikas right off his wings. Please confirm victory! Confirm victory!"

o o o

And days later the whole story was finally pieced together at Allied Air Intelligence in London. A gray-haired major delivered the final decision to a board of inquiry. It's clear now. Some spy must have taken that captured German fighter we were testing on our field. Probably a desperate German spy carrying information back to the enemy. But one of our pilots shot him down. Lieut Jones's victory is hereby confirmed."

You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

Office of
War Information
Washington, D. C.

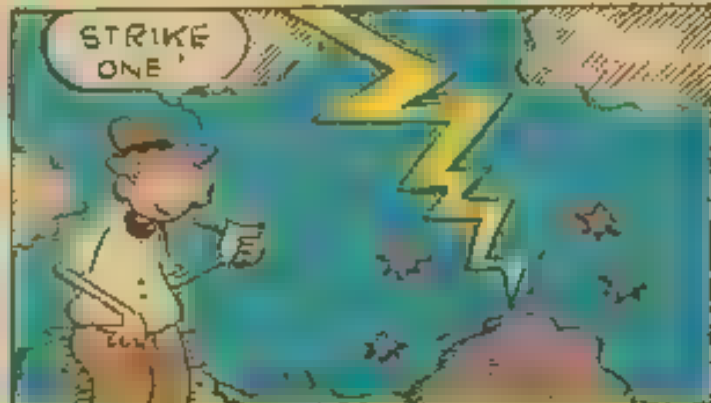




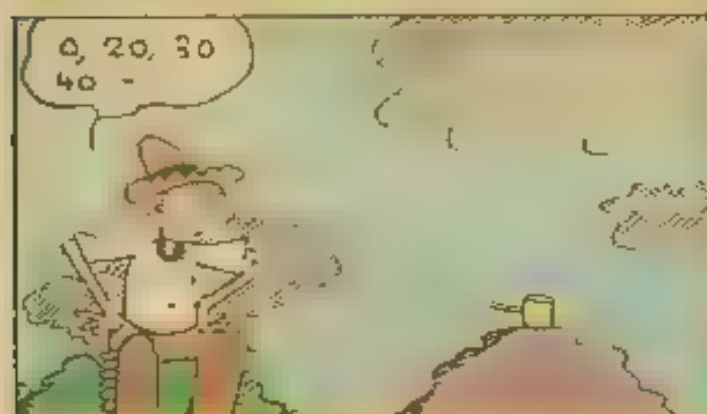
GRANDPA PETERS-



HE WAS AS QUICK AS LIGHTNING STOPPING MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS BEFORE HE ABSENT MINDEDLY SCRATCHED A MATCH ON AUNTIE MINERVA'S WHAT NOT AND SAVING HIM FROM THE DOG HOUSE



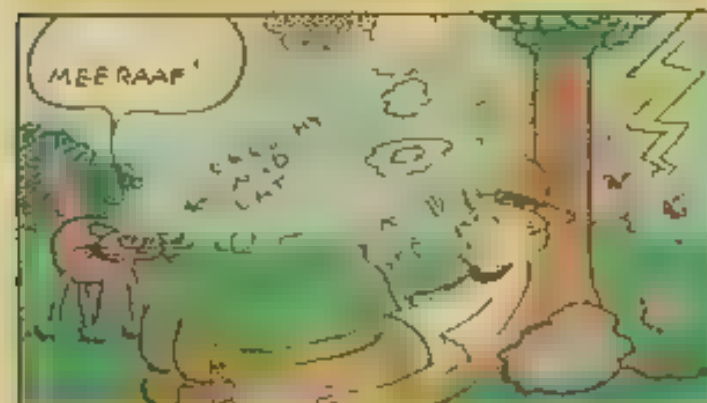
WHICH REMINDED HIM OF WHEN HE WAS OUT IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WHERE LIGHTNING ALWAYS STRUCK TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE AND NOBODY NEEDED A MATCH TO LIGHT A PIPE WITH



ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS NOTICE WHERE THE LIGHTNING STRUCK FIRST MARK THE SPOT PUT YOUR PIPE ON IT AND THEN COUNT TO FIVE HUNDRED BY TENS OR TO FIFTY BY ONES, BUT TENS WAS MORE FUN



THEN THE LIGHTNING WOULD COME BACK AND DO ITS STUFF AS SURE AS SHOOTING IT WAS NOT LIKE COMMON LIGHTNING - THIS LIGHTNING COULD BE TRUSTED, AND NO THUNDER CAME WITH IT



WELL, ONE DAY WHEN THE AIR WAS VERY STILL MY GRANDPA SAT UNDER A TREE PAYING NO ATTENTION TO ANYTHING AND JUST BLOWING SMOKE UP INTO THE SKY FOR NO REASON AT ALL, HE SAID -



AND THE SMOKE WENT STRAIGHT UP IN ALL KINDS OF SHAPES, AS YOU CAN SEE BY THIS PICTURE, IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH S WHICH BETWEEN SMOKE AND BUZZARDS - AND - SUDDENLY!! -

BY LEFTY GRADY

CHAMPION 9 1/4 YEARS
OLD LIGHTWEIGHT SOUTH-
PAW WRITER AND
ARTIST OF 313 ELM ST.
PERIODS, COMMAS AND
SPELLING BY
ROM M. NAMARA



ZING!!



AND IN NO TIME AT ALL HE WAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY INDIANS ALL WAR-WHOOPING OFF KEY WHICH SHOWED THEY WERE EXTRA SPECIAL SORE ABOUT SOMETHING WHICH WAS A SECRET TO MY GRANDPA TILL



THE CHIEF, WHO COULD TALK ENGLISH, BUT WHO WAS SO SLOW FROM BEING TOO FAT GOT THERE AND BAWLED HIM OUT FOR SENDING UP SMOKE SIGNALS OUT OF HIS PIPE WHICH READ IN INDIAN, 'BIG CHIEF FAT COULDN'T CATCH A CAT'.



IT DID NO GOOD FOR MY GRANDPA TO TRY AND EXPLAIN HOW IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT ABOUT THE SMOKE BECAUSE THE CHIEF ONLY TALKED ENGLISH, HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AND HE GOT Madder AND Madder - AND -



THE Madder HE GOT THE MEANER HE FELT AND THE BETTER HE LIKED IT. MY GRANDPA HAD ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE HE SAID THERE WAS NO WAY OUT, BUT GEE, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN BECAUSE HE'S STILL ALIVE HOWEVER, -



JUST AS I WAS GOING TO GIVE HIM AN ARGUMENT ABOUT IT, AUNTIE MINERVA BUSTED IN AND - ANNY - WHAT'S THE USE? SHE ALWAYS SHOWS UP JUST AT THE WRONG TIME!

ANYWAY - THANKS FOR LOOKING! - Sincerely, Lefty Grady

FREE to Boys

How to Play Baseball Like a Big-Leaguer!

FREE BOOK shows you IN PICTURES how great stars play every position—how YOU can become the "big-league" hero on your team. Get YOUR copy NOW!



CARL HUBBELL'S SCREWBALL



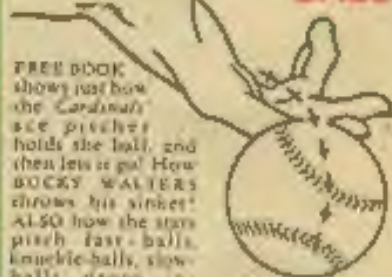
FREE BOOK shows you the WONDERFUL CLOSE-UP PICTURES—how "KING CARL" throws his strike-em-out Screwball. ALSO the winning pitches of other great stars!

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Speedy, base-stealing star of the Chicago Cubs—and how he starts, slides, and grabs an extra bag, before the opposing team knows what's happened! All in all, clear pictures YOU can follow!

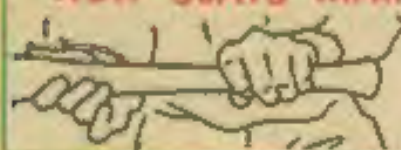


MORT COOPER'S CURVE BALL



FREE BOOK shows just how the Cardinals' ace pitcher holds the ball, and then lets it go! How ROCKY WALTERS throws his sinker! ALSO how the stars pitch fast-balls, knuckle-balls, slow-balls, drops, in-shouts, other trick stuff!

HOW "SLATS" MARION BUNTS



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BOY—WHAT A FREE BOOK!

Shows you—WITH MARVELOUS CLOSE-UP PICTURES—how big-leaguers play EVERY position. Experts stuff—written simple as A.B.C. by famous sports-writer, Garry Schumacher, of N.Y. Journal-American.

How players mentioned above won their fame. How GEORGE MCQUINN, of pennant-winning Browns plays first base. How AL LOPES, of Pirates, catches. FREE BOOK also tells how to keep score, secrets of big-league strategy, tricks of signalling, years play, water distances between positions on field, etc.

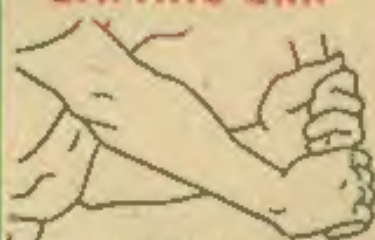
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Nothing much gets past MASTER MEL—Great Manager and right-fielder! See how he does it—in this FREE BOOK! And how other great outfielders catch up or pull 'em down!



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Captain **ZOOTIE** AND THE GIANT CANNON

BY BOB BEND AND GARY

DR. NARSTY, NASTIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, ESCAPES FROM PRISON WHERE HE IS SERVING A 100-YEAR SENTENCE!

FREE AT LAST! AND THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GET REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO PUT ME IN JAIL... **CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!**

I'LL TAKE THAT LITTLE CANNON, KID!

HOOTIN' ZOOTIE! STEALING A TOY FROM A BABY!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTSIE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

...THEN HE SNATCHED THE TOY AND RAN OFF!

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION, ROLLO, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DR. NARSTY I WONDER WHAT HE WANTED WITH A TOY CANNON?



IN DR. NARSTY'S LABORATORY...

HEH... HEH... THIS CANNON WILL BE THE END OF CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! **HA, HO!**

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST LAUGH, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!



UGH! FLOOF! BLURPF!

HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT **TOOTSIE ROLLS** FOR ENERGY!

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION CAME TO THE RESCUE!

THANKS, PALS!

CURSES! I MUST FLEE!

NOT SO FAST, DR. I'M TAKING YOU PRISON AGAIN!



BOY, I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING **TOOTSIE ROLLS** REGULARLY! THEY GAVE US THE **EXTRA ENERGY** TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN!



ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY from a Chewy, Chocolatey **TOOTSIE ROLL** AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're made with milk, no dyes... and give you energy you need to win! And they give you energy fast. You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles seconds after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie!



Still Only 1¢